A New Novel by the Author of

BRGANIZED LABOR: ITS PROBLEMS,
PURPOSES AND IDEALS, AND THE
PRESENT AND FUTURE OF AMERTCAN WAGE EARNERS. Written
by John Mitchell. Published by The
American Book and Bible House, Philadelphia.

adelphia.

Mr. John Mitchell, who is easily the mader of the organized labor forces of to-day, and a man for whom the whole country has respect, because he is honset, has written a very entertaining book on the subject of organized labor. The book contains much interesting historical matter, and traces the history of the labor movement in England and the United States from the earliest days to the present. It deals trankly with the labor problem, and Mr. Mitchell does not hesitate to say that the conditions of American laborers to-day is wondrously improved over that of the laborer of other days.

In the 51 chapters of the book, he treats under separate headings the "philosophy of trade unionism," "labor organized." "modern trade unionism in Great Britolin," "labor in the American colonies," "organized labor vs. unorganized labor," "the American trade unions of to-day," "the American standard of wages," "the croral upilit of the workman," "the problem of the unskilled," "organized labor and orzanized capital," "the labor union and the trusts," "the labor union and politics," "the labor union, the State and the law," "the incorporation of labor unions," "the famous coal strike of 1902.

Mr. Mitchell is not opposed to the organization of employers against the organization of labor, and thinks that if properly conducted such organizations will be of benefit to labor. Nor is he opposed on principle to the so-called trust. He says that the trust has come to stay and that it cannot be legistated out of existence. He agrees that the trusts have made mistakes in overcapitalization, and that some of them have abused their privileges, but he thinks that organization of production, as it will be prevented by the fear of competition from extortion in its selling price.

One of the most interestig chapters is that on "The Problem of the Unskilled." Or this point he presents some novel views. He speaks of the wast army of men who are half supported by charity, and who work at a lower speak and that the remainder must be care

admitted that he makes a strong case for organized labor, to which he is so sincerely devoted.

The book contains 496 pages, including 48 full page illustrations of men who are to-day occupying conspicuous piaces in the various labor organizations.

KATHARINE FRENSHAM. trice Harraden. Dodd, Mead and Com-pany, publishers. Through the Bell Book and Stationery Company, of

Book and Stationery Company, or Richmond. Price \$1.50.

The first of Miss Harraden's books which brought her into large and imme-diate notice was called "Ships That Pass in the Night."

John Mitchell Publishes an Interesting Book on Organized
Labor, in Which He Discusses All Phases of the cusses All Phases of the Labor, with the Labor of the labor, in Which He Discusses All Phases of the Labor of

Labor, in Which He Discusses All Phases of the Labor Problem in a Way That is Interesting.

'KATHARINE FRENSHAM"

'KATHARINE FRENSHAM"

A New Novel by the Author of "Ships That Pass in the Night;" "Tittlebat Titmouse," an Abridgment of Dr. Samuel Warren's Famous Story; "My Favorite Book Shelf," by Charles Josselyn—Literary Gossip of the Day.

DRGANIZED LABOR; ITS PROBLEMS, PURPOSES AND IDEALS, AND THE PRESENT AND FUTURE OF AMERICAN WAGE EARNERS. Written By John Mitchell. Published by The American Book and Bible House, Phills adelphia.

Mr. John Mitchell, who is easily the Boder of the organized labor forces of the same publishers, through the past, which has overshadowed him by the completest and truest works of art among the year's output, one that is calculated to receive a substantial and lasting tribute of praise and attention.

From the same publishers, through the probable of the organized labor forces of the completest and truest works of art among the year's output, one that is calculated to receive a substantial and lasting tribute of praise and attention.

From the same publishers, through the Bell Book and Stationery Company, comes "The Brazen Caif," by James L. Ford, a clever satire on the money-worshipping contingent of New York society. The book is composed of a number of eleverly linked-together sketches, with prominent figures like "Mrs. Foxglove," the widow: Buchanan, the tall Southerner, recurring in interesting individuality. The different members of Mrk. Cainly's boarcang house are carleatured in a highly humorous manner. The sheaf chapters are held together by a love story that runs through them and ends happilly. Mr. Ford has a bright and charming style, which is fully sustained in "The Brazen Caif."

TITTLEBAT TITMOUSE, Abridged from Dr. Samuel Warren's famous novel by Cyrus Townsend Brady. Published by Funk Wagnall's Company, of New York and Boston, Through the Bell Book & Stationery Company. Price

Book & Stationery Company. Price \$150.

No one's education was formerly considered complete without a thorough acquaintance with the English classics among which Dr. Warren's great novel. "Ten Thousand a Year." was classed. Cyrus Townsend Brady has revised and rechristened this famous book as "Tittle-bat Titmouse." his up-to-date version being quaintly illustrated by Will Crawford. The book from the vantage point of merit is too well known to need praise. The only objection which could possibly have been raised to it in its original form—its length in detail—has been removed by its modernizing so that its advent in present guise is considered a real literary event.

MY FAVORITE BOOK-SHELF. By Charles Josselyn, Published by Paul Elder & Company, of San Francisco. Through the Bell Book & Stationery

Through the Bell Book & Stationery Company. Price \$2.00.
"My Favorite Book-Shelf," the latest work of Charles Josselyn, is an anthology containing prose selections from famous writers, principally French and English. The extracts are of sufficient length to be interesting and compose an intellectual menu chosen with taste and discretion from history, fiction, science philosophy. Art and criticism. All the authors drawn from, however, have lived during or since the Renaissance.

The compiler dedicates the book to his wife. As a triumph of art it is a delicht to the eye, being printed on heavy paper rubricated with splendid type and a cover design by Gordon Ross.

design by Gordon Ross.

JUNKIN PRESTON. By Elizabeth Preston Allen. Published by Hough-ton. Mifflin and Company, of Boston. Through the Bell Book and Stationery

Company.

Everything combines to render Miss Allen's book one of the greatest interest, for nothing that concerns the life and character of Margaret J. Preston can fall to possess intrinsic value in the eyes of the many in Virginia who knew and loved her, and of thousands of her Southern sisterhood whose hearts were stirred by her personality as revealed in song.

As the daughter of Dr. Junkin, whose name is associated with the history of Washington and Lee University, as the sister-in-law of General Stonewall Jackson and as a woman of remarkable charm and vigor of intellect, Mrs. Preston has long been known throughout Virginia and other parts of the United States.

But she has a far deeper hold upon the people of the Southland than lies in any one of these claims. She was living in Lexington during the Civil War, Her publication of her poem "Beechenbrook" in England soon after the war closed voiced the experience, the grief and the loss of the Confederacy and has gone down as epic of one of the greatest tragedies the world has ever known.

So it is that Mrs. Preston is beloved of the Southern people because she sorrowed with them and made herself one with them in their hour of need. During the time that General Lee was president of Washington and Lee University she was a frequent and intimate visitor of his household. The book in which her exceptional experiences are recorded, which dwells upon all of change and vicissitude

which brought her into large and immediate notice was called "Ships That Pass in the Night" than any of Miss That Pass in the Night" than any of Miss That Pass in the Night" than any of Miss That Pass in the bendecent influence upon the lives of those around her. "Ships That Pass in the Night" was so intensely pathetic that it was like a cry of pain. "Katharine Frensham" is different in that its last chapter deals with the union of happy hearts and the rounding out of several lives in the light of perfect and entire understanding and sympathetic accord.

The scene of the book deals partly with England and partly with Norway, one of the finest of the book characters. Froken Knudsgaard, called for short "Knutty," is the Danish joverniess in the Thornton family, who seems more Norwegian than Danish in her nature. The beautiful simplicity of life in Norway, where the spirit of communal loving kindness still survives, and much of primal nearness to nature is shown in the continuance of anotent customs, the beliefs in ancient

By the Author of "The Sowers."

Henry Seton Merriman's

NEW NOVEL

BARLASCH OF THE GUARD.

Lli.h.d."-London World.

"Barlasch is a master. A stirring story, set in those "It is by long odds the piece. Without doubt the desperate days when the ebbing most robust romance that finest thing of its kind that

Merriman has yet accom
With d' London World

Merriman has yet accom
Light Mustrations by the Kinneys.

Merriman has attempted. "

Recokive Facia.

Three weeks ago we announced that Stanley J. Weyman's " The Lung Night" and Conan Doyle's "The Adventures of Girard" were in the New York list of best-selling books. They are still there, and Henry Seton Merriman's "Barlasc , of the Guard," the last McClure, Philitps & Company p.b.ication, foins them this week.

The above books are for sale everywhere, \$1.50 each.

PUBLISHERS, McCLURE, PHILLIPS & COMPANY, NEW YORK

"Hetty Wesley," Mr. A. T. Quiller-ouch's new novel, has not yet beer

A Day in the Woods.

out to the satisfaction of at least two of the parties.

Two books brought out by the Dana Estes Company, of Boston, and sent through the bell Book & Stationery Company are "six Girls," by Fannie B lic Irving, at \$1.25, and "The Green Satin Gown," by Laura E. Richards, at 75 cents. The first mentioned of these little volumes was written by a niece of Washington Irving about twenty years ago, since which time it has enjoyed great popuwhich time it has enjoyed great popularity. The second is made up of seven short stories, the leading one giving the book title. The stories are all told in the charming fashion with which Mrs. Richards usually regales her readers.

Richards usually regales her reaces.

THE RELENTLESS CITY. By E. F.
Benson. Harper Brothers, publishers.
Sent through the Bell Book and Stationery Company. Price, \$1.50.

Mr. Benson, who has a great reputation for writing algorous English and being strong in characterization, has done a fine piece of work in "The Relentless City."

It is a novel of modern life, written with a purpose. To attain this Mr. Denson has not hesitated to arraign English and American society, but his arraignment carries the conviction of truth with it. And truth always tells.

it. And truth always tells.

Two recent books from The Outlook Company, of New York, through the Bell Book and Stationery Company, are "Uther and Igrane," by Warwick Deeping, at \$1.50, and "The Adventures of Dorothy," by Jocelyn Lewis, at \$1.00.

The former volume, as its name implies, is an oid English story, full of adventure, color and romance, with descriptions of life at Carelin and of deeds of knightly achievement in early English days. The book shows great care in research and fine reversal to the atmosphere of the period, "The Adventures of Dorothy" is a healthy story of childish out-of-door life and fun on a big farm, with Dorothy and her friend, Peter, as the chief actors.

THE CASTLE OF TWILIGHT. By Mar-

the chief actors.

THE CASTLE OF TWILIGHT. By Margaret Horton Potter. Illustrated by Charles Weber. Sent by A. C. McClurg and Company, of Chicago, through the Bell Book and Stationery Company. Price \$1.50.

A historical romance, with the scene laid at the Chateau Le Crepuscule, in Brittany, during the Middle Ages.

Womanly occupations and interests in the great mediaeval castle households, monastic life, the influence of one on the other, and womanly love versus duty, go into the composition of a very interesting and vividly told novel. and vividly told novel.

THE TORCH. Written by Herbert M. Hopkins and brought out by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, of Indianapolls, reflects the active stirrings of American life in the West, with the atmosphere of university experiences and ambitions pulsing through it. It is thoroughly up-to-date and so self-reliant in tone that it can be entirely trusted to win its own way wherever it is introduced.

A KIDNAPPED COLONY, By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews, Illus-trated by E. M. Ashe, For sale by the Bell Book and Stationery Com-

the Bell Book and Stationery Company.

A Kidnapped Colony is a charming little story, bold in its conception and abounding in humor of the kind that makes one stop reading and laugh aloud. The plot hinges on the similarity in names of a young American and a newly appointed governor of Bermuda. The governor has taken passage for his colony, but misses the hoat, while the young American, who ships at the last moment, its naturally enough mistaken for His Excellency. He is induced to play the role and successfull does so. The complications which arise are many and comical, and interwoven with these is a very pretty romance which comes to a successful climax when the real Governor puts in his appearance.

"Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot?"

Dalsy showed me the pretitest sight this mornins. Upstairs into her cozy play-room we went, passing by all the wonderful dolls and toys that seemed to have lost all their charm at once, till window-seat. "There!" said Daisy. "There" was something worth coming away up-stairs to see, A cat with four kittens curled cosily in the basket and nestled down beside them, puffling out his purple breast as if he were in his own dove-cote, lay a gray dove.

"What charm do you lay up on your pets, Daisy," I asked in wonder. "I

Literary Clippings.

E. F. Benson, the English author of trode, who has scored wealthy Americans and society generally in his new novel. The Relentiess City, has been asked if he believes "that society is descenerating," to which he replied as follows:

asked if he believes that society is descenerating," to which he replied as foltows:

"No. I am not one of the alarmists
vino think because Bridge is the rage the
whole of society is going to the dogs.
"Here are bad and good in society just
as in the Old Kent Roads... if society has degenerated at all it is in the
growling worship of wealth. The poor
cever man is still welcomed because of
his brains, but the rich fool is welcomed,
too, because of his wealth."
"Doss," said the interviewer, "smoked
and said dann. is that true to life?"
"Perfectly, There are many girls in
society who, sad to say, do those same
things, but only that certain type of
which "Dodo" is representative. And i
do not doubt that there are girls in
cvery other grade of society, too, who
do the same—or things equally regrettible. I do not condone them—I was
wrawing a picture, and they had to go
in."

By all odds the most novel children's book of the season is "The Snow Buby," by Josephine Diebitsch Peary, the wife of the Arctic explorer. It tells the story of one of the very few white bables, if there ever were any others, born in the lar North, beyond the Arctic Circle, in schild was Marie Peary, daugher of the famous explorer, whom the little tribe of Eskimos, the most motherly snown people on the globe, called Anispin-to, after her Eskimo nurse. The story of the life among the Eskimos is main and simple, full of those small conestic details that bring out the contrasts so vividly between our ways and those of the far North.

Bliss Carman, the editor of the Literary

Bliss Carman, the editor of the Literary World, beside his regular essay, will curribute a Christmas poem to the December number of that publication. In this num-

When I went to the country this sun-mer, we were walking through the woods when suddenly we heard a rustling in

Mrs. Roger A: Pryor's book. "The Mother of Washington and Her Times," has roused great interest among the laughters of the American Revolution. It describes for the first time the manners, the social customs, the plantation life and the festivities of interior Virginia, in which Mary Washington lived into plantation of the vividines and the vivacious gossip of an eye-witness the vivacious of the whole eighteenth century. The origin of Washington's name is also given for the first time.

when suddenly we heard a rustling in the leaves.

We were very scared, for we thought it was a snake, but my uncle, who was in the crowd, took a stick and looked for it, but could not find it.

We went on further when we came to a brook and decided to go wading. I was the first one of the crowd to get my shoes and stockings off and go into the wate, but afterwards I was sorry I was the first one, because a large crawfish caught my toe and I screamed, "Oh! Oh! Oh!" My playmates knocked it off and killed it, and afterwards we had a very pleasant time. "Hetty Wesley." Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch's new novel, has not yet been reviewed by the serious critical journals in America; but those in England speak of it' in the highest terms. What the author has done, remarks the editor of the London Times, has been "to realize the actual life of a real woman, absorb it, live each moment of it in his inner self, and then write it down, filling in the cutlines from his imagination, painting the scenes and expounding the characters which the higgraphers only imply.

LOUISE HOOPER. P. S.-I hope my story will be all right to publish as the other one was not in the paper. I enjoy reading the "Children's Page" very much. I will send another story as soon as possible.

LOUISE HOOPER.

When My Ship Comes in.

A Day in the Woods.

A few of my friends and I decided one day this summer to visit our school teacher, who lived on a farm just outside of town. From there she was to take us to spend the day in the woods. Our mothers fixed nice lunches for us, and by 9 cclock A. M. we started, Most of us had bicycles but some walked, it took us but a short time to get to our journey's end, and we found all ready. Our teacher had a small sister, and of course she folined us. We left our bicycles at the house and started on our way. The woods were but a short distance from the house, and we arrived at a pleasant place in the forest in but a short time. We played a great many out-of-door games, and at last some one suggested building a house of straw. All consented, and we gathered the pine straw and piled it in one large heap. We had made but little progress with our house when a shower came, which created a great deal of confusion, as well as fun. However, it was over in a few moments, and by that time we were roady for luncheon. The girls prepared it. They spread a cloth on the ground and poured every one's lunch together in a heap. Of course we had a merry meal, and we were ready for play again.

We told riddles until we were trad, and we were ready for play again.

We told riddles until we were trad wild flowers. Soon we returned to the spot which we had chosen in the forest. We played a while and then returned to our teachor's home. We saw that a cloud was rising, which, of pourse, meant rain, and we decided to go home, as it was late. On our way home my bleyele broke down and I was compelled to walk the rest of the way home. I arrived there not a minute too soon. I had barely gotten in the door before it began to rain.

MARION CLAREMONT DANIEL. I have a ship named "Sunbeam,"
That is coming from the East Indies,
It is moved by the mighty steam,
Through the Atlantic seas,

It has on it many beautiful things.
That are found only in those lands.
Some birds with gorgoous wings.
And jewels from their sands.

It is now near the end.

For you see if you will,
Then I can spend,
Just as free as I will,

The goods are now all sold,
And the money I will not lend,
For when I am old,
I will have it to spend.

Wy ship is going to sail again,
To the beautiful lands of Spain,
It will travel cast though the main,
So it will soon be back again,
Original, by PAUL OCHLSCHLARGER,

The Cat and the Egg.

The Cat and the Egg.

I am a little girl ten years old. As I have no little brothers or sisters my mother allows me to have a pet cat. My cat's name is Tea. Tea and I play a great deal together in our back yard. If I take a string or anything that will move. Tea will follow me and run from and after me just as a little boy or girl would. I love my cat dearly. I always a keep a nice box in our back yard for Tea to sleep in. I go out before going to school to tell Tea good-bye. One morning I went out to tell her good-bye and I found in Tea's box with her a little egg. I thought what a nice cat I had, to lay me an egg. I ran with it to mother to tell her what a wonderful cat I had. egg. I thought what a nice cat I had, to lay me an egg. I ran with it to mother to tell her what a wonderful cat I had. Mother said that it looked like a bantam's egg, aithough we had no hens on our yard. Well, it was time for school, so I had to leave my egg and cat at home. I was so much excited over finding the little egg in Tea's box that I forgot to take my lunch that day. When I returned from school the next day I found another egg. By this time my mother had seen a little black bantam hen in our yard. The little hen came for several days to lay in Tea's box. But one morning she came so early that Tea had not gotten up. The hen saw Toa and she seemed so frightened to find a cat in her nest that she flew away, and she has never been back. So my cat has never laid any more eggs. I could write quite a long story about Tea. as she is such a wonderful cat. I think so anyhow.

RUTH HOPE DAVIS. Porgot?"

Daisy showed me the prettiest sight this morning. Upstairs into her cozy play-room we went, passing by all the wonderful dolls and toys that seemed to have lost all their charm at once, till we came to a basket in a corner of the window-seat.
"There!" said Daisy. "There!" was something worth coming away up-stairs to see. A cat with four kittens curled costly in the basket and nestled down beside them, puffling out his purple breast as if he were in his own dove-cote, lay a gray dove.
"What charm do you lay up on your pets, Daisy." I asked in wonder. "I wouldn't trust my tabby with a strange dove so."
"Why this is old Dickery Dock." she dove so."

"Why, this is old Dickery Dock," she said—"don't you remember? He was a little bit of a dovr you know, when I was sick and had my pets in the house, and mouser was a wee kitty, then, just

Most

Effective

realistic

decade."

-Guy Carleton

novel

of a

FIFTH EDITION.

FIFTH EDITION. "The

"The **Powerful** and searching

piece of

fiction of

Postpaid, \$1.50

PIGS the year." -The Bookman

By FRANK DANBY

Postpaid, \$1.50

PUBLISHERS J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., PHILADELPHIA.

POEMS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW.

Whatever your occupation may be, and however crowded your hours with affairs, do not fall to secure at least a few minutes every day for refreshment of your inner life with a bit of poetry. Prof. Charles Eliot Norton.

King John and the Abbot of Canterbury.

OLD BALLAD.

The ballad we print this morning is from the Percy Reliques. These poems were collected by Thomas Percy, born April 13, 1723, died Sept. 20, 1811. Canterbury is the most famous cathedral town in England and was the home of the chief press of the church in England from the earliest time a King Jones that England ever had. His died Oct. 19, 1215, was one of the most famous a function of the chief claim to memory is the fact that the most famous at Runnymede forced him into giving the collection of the church of the c



Of a notable prince, that was called King John; And he ruled England with main and with might, For he did great wrong and maintained little right.

And I'll tell you a story, a story for merry, Concerning the Abbot of Canterbury; How for his housekeeping and high renown, They rode post for him to fair London town.

An hundred men, the king did hear say The abbot kept in his house every day; And fifty gold chains, without any doubt, In velvet coats waited the abbot about

How now, father abbot, I hear it of thee, Thou keepest a far better house than me: And for thy housekeeping and high renown, I fear thou work'st treason against my crown." "My liege," quoth the abbot, "I would it were known

I never spend nothing but what is my own; And I trust your grace will do me no deere For spending of my own true gotten geere." Yes, yes, father abbot, thy fault it is high,

And now for the same thou needest must die; For except thou canst answer me questions three, Thy head shall be smitten from thy bodie. "And first," quoth the king, "when I'm in this stead, With my crown of gold so fair on my head,

Among all my liege-men so noble of birth, Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worth. "Secondly tell me, without any daubt, How soon I may ride the whole world about; And at the third question thou must not shrink,

But tell me here truly what I do think." "Oh these are hard questions for my shallow wit, Nor I cannot answer your Grace as yet; But if you will give me but three weeks space, I'll do my endeavor to answer your Grace."

"Now three weeks space to thee will I give, And that is the longest time thou hast to live; For if theu dost not answer my questions three Thy lands and thy livings are forfelt to me."

Away rode the abbot all sad at that word, And he rode to Cambridge and Oxenford; But never a doctor there was so wise, That could with his learning an answer devise.

Then home rode the abbot of comfort so cold, And he met his shepherd a-going to fold: "How now, my lord abbot you are welcome home; What news do you bring us from good King John?"

"Sad news, sad news, shepherd, I must give, That I have but three days more to live; For if I do not answer him questions three, My head will be smitten from my bodie.

"The first is to tell him there in that stead, With his crown of gold so fair on his head, Among all his liege-men so noble of birth, To within one penny of what he is worth,

"The second, to tell him without any doubt, How soon he may ride this whole world about; And at the third question I must not shrink, But tell him there truly what he does think.

"Now cheer up, sir abbot, did you never hear yet That a fool he my learn a wise man wit? Lend me horse, and serving men, and your apparel, And I'll ride to London to answer your quarrel.

"Nay, frown not, if it hath been told unto me, I am like your lordship as ever may be; And if you will but lend me your gown There is none shall know is in fair London town

"Now horse and serving men thou shalt have, With sumptuous array most gallant and brave, With crozier, and mitre, and rochet, and cope, Fit to appear 'fore our father the pope."

"Now welcome, sir abbot," the king he did say, "'Tis well thou'rt come back to keep thy day: For and if thou canst answer my questions three, Thy life and thy living both saved shall be,

"And first, when thou seest me here in this stead, With my crown of gold so fair on my head, Among all my liege-men so noble of birth, Tell me to one penny what I am worth."

"For thirty pence our Saviour was sold Among the false Jews, as I have been told: And twenty-nine is the worth of thee, For I think thou art one penny worser than he."

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Bittel, "I did not think I had been worth so little! Now, secondly, tell me, without any doubt How soon I may ride this whole world about."

"You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same, Until next morning he riseth again; And then your Grace need not make any doubt But in twenty-four hours you'll ride it about."

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Jone, "I did not think it could be gone so soon. Now from the third question thou must not shrink, But tell me here truly what I do think."

"Yea, that I shall do and make your Grace merry; You think I'm the Abbot of Canterbury; But I'm his poor shepherd, as plain you may se-That am come to beg pardon for him and for me."

The king he laughed, and swore by the mass, 'I'll make thee lord abbot this day in his place!" "Nay nay, my liege, be not in such speed,

For alack, I can neither write nor read." "Four nobles a week, then, I will give thee, For this merry jest thou hast shown unto met

And tell the old abbot, when thou com'st home,



All the Books reviewed above and as published

..... on sale Miller & Rhoads, Book Section.